A

ELEGY

WRITTEN AMONG THE

Tombs in WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

K

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Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, at Tully's-Head, Pallmall.
And Sold by J. HINXMAN, at the Globe in Pater Noſter Row.
MDCCLXII.
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HAIL hallow'd Fane! amid whoſe mould'ring Shrines,
Her Vigils muſing Melancholy keeps,
Upon her Arm her harrow'd Cheek reclines,
And o'er the Spoils of human Grandeur weeps.

Hail aweful Edifice! thine Iles along,
In Contemplation wrapt, O let me ſtray!
And ſtealing from the idly buſy Throng,
Serenely meditate the moral Lay.

Far hence be baniſh'd ev'ry Note profane,
Where Heav'n-inſpir'd Devotion loves to raiſe
Her Voice ſeraphic to each lofty Strain,
Attun'd to celebrate *Jehovah*'s Praiſe.

Come Heav'nly Muſe, awake the plaintive String,
Each vagrant Motion of the Mind controul;
Exalt my Fancy on thy ſoaring Wing,
And with thy *Pathos* pure poſſeſs my Soul.

What pleaſing Sadneſs fills my thoughtful Breaſt,
Whene'er my Steps theſe vaulted Manſions trace;
Where in their ſilent Tombs for ever reſt
The honour'd Aſhes of the *Britiſh* Race.

What Eye can read without a ſtarting Tear,
What Heart reflect without a penſive Sigh,
On the ſame Story ev'ry Marble here
Relates of wretched Man's Mortality.

Here terminate Ambition's airy Schemes,
The Syren Pleaſure here allures no more;
Here grov'ling Av'rice drops her golden Dreams,
And Life's fantaſtic Trifles all are o'er.

No furious Paſſions here the Boſom rend,
Here the true Mourner's poignant Sorrows ceaſe;
Here hopeleſs Love, and cruel Hatred end,
And the World-weary Trav'ler reſts in Peace.

Approach vain Child of Fortune, Pow'r and Fame,
Here learn a Leſſon from each ſpeaking Buſt;
Lo! on each Tomb engrav'd the empty Name
Of worldly Greatneſs levell'd in the Duſt!

How high each Pers'nage once, how honour'd! read;
How low! how little now, look down and ſee!
Then ſcan thyſelf----and know it is decred,
That thou as little, and as low ſhalt be.

Behold!

Behold! above yon' monumental Piles,
The King of Terrors reigns in aweful State!
And from his Throne ſurveys with ghaſtly Smiles
His Triumphs over all the World calls great:

Surveys of *Britiſh* Chivalry the Flow'r,
Each mighty Monarch, and each Champion brave;
Illuſtrious Victims of his envious Pow'r,
Sunk in the Duſt, and crumbling in the Grave:

Surveys the Wrecks of Genius, Beauty, Birth,
Whate'er might charm the Eye, or win the Heart;
Diſſolv'd and blended with the common Earth,
Or feſt'ring recent from his vengeful Dart.

Ah! what avails all ſublunary State!
The tranſient Pomp and Pageant of a Day;
Since Kings and Peaſants, Fellow Slaves of Fate,
When the dread Summons comes muſt all obey.

Nor

* Nor *Edward*'s Piety, nor *Henry*'s Might,
Cou'd ward the all-ſubduing Conqu'ror's blow;
Brave *Henry* fell in the unequal Fight,
And *Edward*'s pious Breaſt ſoon ceas'd to glow.

Nor liſts dull Death to the melodious Lyre,
Nor heeds the raptur'd Poet's heav'nly Song;
Quench'd in the Duſt is *Milton*'s Muſe of Fire,
And mute is *Dryden*'s once harmonious Tongue.

Nor *Attic* Elegance, nor ſprightly Strains,
Cou'd e'er the Tyrant's lifted Jav'lin ſtay,
Lo! here repoſe chaſte *Addiſon*'s Remains,
Here jocund *Prior* ſleeps, and here lies *Gay*.

Here too ſweet *Shakeſpear*, Fancy's fav'rite Child,
The Marble emulates thy Pow'r to pleaſe;
With graceful Attitude, and Aſpect mild,
Expreſſing native Dignity and Eaſe.

Nor

* *Edward* VI. and *Henry* V. both buried in *Weſtminſter Abbey*.

Nor thy unrivall'd Magic's potent Charm,
Nor tender Stories of ill-fated Love;
Nor Scenes of Horror could his Rage diſarm,
Or the inſenſate Spectre's Pity move.

Where were ye Graces, where ye tuneful Nine,
When *Shakeſpear*'s active Spirit ſoar'd away?
Where were ye Virtues when the Spark divine,
Forſook its trembling Tenement of Clay?

Alas! around his Couch attendant all,
Ye ſaw the Stroke the ruthleſs Monſter gave;
Beheld (ſad Scene!) your darling Vot'ry fall,
And wept your Inability to ſave.

Vain are all Notes, how high ſoe'er they riſe,
All Numbers vain, however ſmooth they flow;
Beneath this letter'd Pavement *Cowley* lies,
And here thy Reliques reſt, pathetic *Rowe!*

Nor

Nor ſage Philoſophy, that ſcans the Spheres,
Nor ſoft Perſuaſion's ſoothing Art avails,
O'er *Newton*'s Tomb URANIA pours her Tears,
And her lov'd * *Campbell* ſad SUADELA wails.

Cropt as a Flow'r in blooming Beauty's Prime,
Lo! noble † *Carteret*'s Urn! illuſtrious Youth!
From Age to Age the hoary Herald *Time*
Proclaims thy Genius, Innocence and Truth.

Alas! nor Genius, Innocence nor Truth,
Can in the Boſom ſtay the fleeting Breath,
Nor all the winning Charms of blooming Youth
Subdue thy flinty Heart, obdurate Death!

* The Duke of *Argyle*.

† The Monument of this young Nobleman is diſtinguiſhed by a fine Figure of *Time*, ſtanding on an Altar with a Scroll in his Hand, containing an elegant Copy of Saphic Verſes, well known and greatly admired.

Ah me! full many a Victim yet unborn,
Relentleſs Tyrant! at thy Feet muſt fall,
Before the dawning of that joyful Morn
When thou ſhalt yield, and "God be All in All."

Know, then ſhall come the Period of thy Sway,
And this reanimated Duſt ſhall riſe
To hail thy Victor on that glorious Day,
When the ſhrill Trump ſhall rend the vaulted Skies.

Then from the yawning Grave and op'ning Tomb
Shall each reviving Tenant lift his Head,
And this Time-honour'd Temple's lab'ring Womb
Reſign its Myriads of illuſtrious Dead.

Ev'n now methinks by Faith's pervading Eye,
I ſee his Banner in the Clouds diſplay'd;
And the World's Saviour from his Throne on high
Deſcend in Robes of pureſt Light array'd.

O Day

O Day of Gladneſs to the Good and Juſt!
When they ſhall taſte the Wonders of his Love,
And ſpringing vig'rous from the lowly Duſt,
Aſcend triumphant to the Realms above.

Then ſhall the Subſtance of this Fabrick fair,
Theſe trophied Pillars, and theſe Piles decay,
Mix as a Vapour with the empty Air,
Or like a fleeting Viſion fade away.

Then ſhall the breathing Buſt, the ſculptur'd Vaſe,
And all the Labours of the Artiſt's Hand,
Diſſolve; and Virtue's adamantine Baſe
Alone amid the Wreck of Matter ſtand.

Yea, tho' Creation founder in the Storm,
And whelming periſh in the gen'ral Doom,
Yet ſhall celeſtial Virtue's Angel Form
Survive and flouriſh in immortal Bloom.

Then ſhall the Brave reſolve, the gen'rous Deed,
And valiant Conflict in Religion's Cauſe,
Alone be crown'd with Merit's genuine Meed,
And meet with righteous Heav'n's deſerv'd Applauſe.

O! be it then our Wiſdom to ſecure
Thoſe radiant Crowns that beam for ever bright,
Crowns that ſhall deck the Merciful and Pure
Amid the Manſions of eternal Light.

THE END.

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